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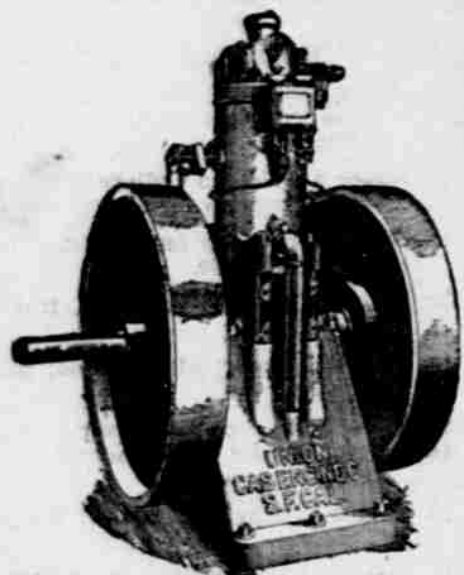
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Read The Honolulu Republican.

WATCHING THE POLICY OF UNITED STATES.

ENGLAND GREATLY INTERESTED IN WHAT UNCLE SAM IS DOING.

Believed That America Is The Only Power With Parallel World Interests to Britain's.

(Copyright, 1900, by Associated Press.)

LONDON, Aug. 25.—The policy of the United States toward China is watched here with more interest than is that of any other country, for Englishmen believe, somehow or other, that in the troubles ahead America will be the only power with interests parallel with theirs. The Spectator, discussing the frailty of the ties connecting the powers, says:

"Continental statesmen look askance at the new force, America, whose limits they do not clearly discern and which, for example, can send black troops to China, and they mutter words about the possible Anglo-Saxon understanding and would, if they could, gladly postpone all action so as to have more time for reflection and combination; only, you see, Peking is in flames, the Chinese Semiramis is on her way to Segun and a Russian general publicly reports that the Amur now flows through Russian territory. Japan has been helping Europe, but English observers are uncertain what her statesmen intend."

"That the French government is preparing for war there can be no longer any doubt." This first sentence in a long article in the Pall Mall Gazette of Wednesday on "The Imminence of War With France," is a subject of some speculation in most of the periodicals.

The "Speaker" considers a French invasion a nightmare, but fears that the persistent fomenting of national hatred is ominous and may precipitate a conflict. The Spectator says it does not wish to encourage the scare; but it voices a caution that a strenuous watch should be maintained over the national defenses.

The introduction of the young King of Spain to his subjects in the north-western seacoast was attended by a degree of good feeling not before seen in Spain in generations. Even in the provinces where socialistic and dynastic discontent is always verging on a surrection, the people showed patriotic pleasure and a desire to forget the past disasters and accept the new order of things.

It would be supposed that the question of the superiority of the American method of riding horses had been sufficiently demonstrated by this time, to convince even the conservative British horsemen. The sporting papers, however, are still filled daily with letters on the subject. The bitter reluctance with which the friends of British jockeys admit the advantage of the American system is a curious part of the controversy. This has gone so far that a writer in the Sportsman today calls for a halt in the discussion and advocates the American system, which, he says, "certainly suits our horses, owners and trainers," adding: "Let us still be sportsmen, even if we are beaten at our own game."

The note by the Vatican authorities against the proclamation of Queen Margaret, written by her majesty after the assassination of King Humbert, has set going a violent discussion in Italy.

The correspondent says: "Its publication has caused indignant outbursts; has evoked sympathy for the Quirinal and has strengthened the young King in his inherited controversy with the church. The note was a personal act of the Pope, and its avowal as such was meant to rebuke those representing the pontiff as an aged man and as a tool in the hands of Cardinal Rampolla, the papal secretary of state, the truth being that Rampolla is as clay in the masterful hands of the pontifical power and bends like a reed before the imperious will of Leo. The Pope, in spite of his years, is still the soul of the Vatican and rules his entourage with a rod of iron."

SAD CONDITION OF NOME.

General Randall Makes a Serious Report Thereon.

Brig. Gen. George M. Randall, U. S. volunteers, commanding the department of Alaska, in a report upon the conditions at Cape Nome, Alaska, says that at present there are about 15,000 persons in and about Nome. It is estimated that there will be 1,000 destitute here at the close of navigation. He requests that he be authorized to send all destitute persons out of the country by any vessel available in case army transports are not there. A post site has been selected at the mouth of Nome river, three and one-half miles east of Nome. The work of construction is now progressing rapidly. He recommends that the post be named Davis, in honor of Capt. Jeff C. Davis, who commanded the first troops in Alaska. He also reports that he has chartered the tugboat Meteor and collected the destitute natives between Sin Rock and Tokuk and camped them on the beach east of Nome river. The commanding officer of that camp has been directed to furnish subsistence and medical attendance. Reports indicate that the natives all along the coast are dying of measles and pneumonia. Smallpox has been checked, no new cases having been reported in twelve days. All the recommendations and actions of General Randall above noted have received the approval of the secretary of war, Army and Navy Register.

COMPLETED HIS MISSION.

General Alexander Has Returned From Nicaragua.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—Gen. P. Alexander, who was appointed by President Cleveland arbitrator in the boundary dispute between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, has just returned from those countries on the completion of his mission.

An interesting feature of General Alexander's work lay in the fact that his labors on the boundary questions were the cause of a close survey of the line of the proposed Nicaragua canal. He said that he did not think the commission now preparing a report would advise a new route.

While disclaiming definite knowledge on the subject, he was inclined to think that a proposition from the Nicaraguan government to ours had already been made. He believed that rather than not have the canal built the Nicaraguan government would accede to almost any terms proposed by the United States.

THE MADNESS OF LOVE.

How a Physician Saved a Life in an Unprofessional Way.

It was springtime and noonday, and the soft breath of the year seemed laden with fragrant promises of bloom and color, while over the woods was stealing a fairylike mantle of green.

On such a day and in such a scene as this Evangeline Rohan felt as though the world should hold nothing of strife or pain or ugliness; indeed, the particular world in which she moved and breathed and had her being held little but the surface knowledge that such things existed, for fate had favored Evangeline and, not content with bestowing on her beauty of person and mind, had dowered her with the great gift of song in its divine perfection.

Now she sauntered down the winding pathway that led from her castle terrace to the cove beneath.

A man, following her with hesitating steps, as though he feared a repulse if he presented himself too suddenly, took courage to approach when the trees veiled them from the castle windows, and, though she made him welcome by neither word nor sign, walked at her side until the whim seized her to seat herself on a bank and search for the desultory flowers that were beginning to peep here and there.

It was at this moment that a visitor who had driven up to the castle in a dogcart descended and asked for Miss Rohan.

"I am afraid she is unable to see any one this morning," said the butler; "she is resting for tonight."

Dr. Harrowden knelt his brows in perplexity. He remembered that the singer had generously offered to throw open her castle to the public on that night and to give the first entertainment in her new theater for the benefit of a fund for wounded soldiers.

All the country were clamoring for tickets. Fabulous prices had been paid even for standing room, and reports said the diva, having spared no pains or expense to make the occasion a success, was about to eclipse herself in a new part, specially written and composed for her, in an operatic adaptation of "Othello."

"The matter is a very urgent one," said Dr. Harrowden, after a pause. "I have a request to make of Miss Rohan that can only be made personally. If you will risk her displeasure and allow me to make my way to her, I will take all the blame. I may say it is a question almost of life and death."

The man, who knew Dr. Harrowden as one whose reputation, even in a village practice, gave weight to his words, yielded, and, telling him that mademoiselle had taken the path toward the cove, led him through the conservatory and directed him to the shortest way.

He came so suddenly upon the little clearing where Evangeline was that neither she nor her companion perceived him. She was standing up, a singular look on her beautiful face, which was bereft of its usual color, and both her hands were stretched out before her as though to ward off something that she dreaded and that yet fascinated her.

His face, a dark eyed, brown skinned one, with something in its southern intensity that marred its handsomeness, must have worn a threatening expression, for she recoiled with a little cry of alarm and, turning, saw Dr. Harrowden as he stepped toward her.

"Ah, doctor," she said, a little shaken still, but smiling, "it is a long time since I have seen you, which speaks well for my health, though not for my hospitality. But you are coming to-night, I hope?"

"You have asked me to the castle most kindly," he answered quietly, "but I am a busy man, as you know, mademoiselle, and have to deny myself many pleasures. I have ventured to intrude on you, for which you must please lay the blame solely on me, because I have a little patient down there in the village whose recovery seems to depend entirely on you."

"On me?"

"My patient is a little child who has been at death's door through fever and whose one desire, night and day, has been to hear you sing. We thought it a delirious fancy that would pass, but it seems that, had she been well, she was to have come up to the castle one day when you sang to the villagers and that she lost her chance through this illness. She raves and weeps alternately and will not sleep, begging always to be taken to you so that she might ask you to sing one little song to her."

"Where is she? Take me to her, doctor, and I will sing to her at once."

Half an hour later, with all her soul in her exquisite voice, she was standing in the cottage singing a song of life and love to the bewildered villagers, while the sick child, propped up by pillows to hear the desire of her heart, cried out that it was an angel who had come in answer to her prayer.

It was midnight, 12 hours since Eva had charmed away the shadow of death from the village home, and she was holding a great assembly thrashed and spellbound, while her voice, no longer softened and subdued, rang with all its glorious power through the large opera hall which she had lately added to her castle.

It was the moment of her crowning triumph, the moment when Desdemona, realizing to the full her danger and the inflexible purpose of Othello, transformed by jealousy into a murderer, ceased to plead for her life and instead proudly and passionately declares her innocence.

Count Devas, the Italian singer who had already won universal applause for his wonderful rendering of Othello, faced her, the madness of rage that was consuming him portrayed vividly in every feature of his face, in every movement of his tense, nervous fingers.

There was silence, intense, dead silence, for an instant as Eva's last note died away, and then, as she covered her eyes with her hands, the count, with one swift step, was at her side, pressing with ruthless hands the cushion on her upturned face, and the curtain began slowly to descend on the scene.

An electric thrill ran through the audience, the horror and despair of the tragedy before them seemed suddenly real and tangible, the scream, strangled in its birth, that came from the beautiful singer seemed an appeal to them for help, and then an amazing thing occurred.

In the excitement of the scene no one had noticed the sudden arrival in the hall of Dr. Harrowden, who, pale and breathless, stood watching the descent of the curtain, until, apparently overpowered by impulse, he ran up the hall, leaped up to the stage and, springing across the footlights, threw himself upon the count.

In the desperate struggle that ensued, momentary as it was, before the paralyzed onlookers rushed to separate the combatants, no one noticed that Eva herself had not moved and lay still under the cushions.

There was the flash of a knife, an exclamation from Dr. Harrowden, and then, as he dropped, stabbed in the shoulder, a voice came from the count, and, though he fought with the limitless strength of a madman, he was overpowered at last by numbers and carried off the stage, bound and helpless.

Dr. Harrowden, whose faintness was only temporary, had risen already and, disregarding the help offered him, hurried to the couch and raised the cushions.

Eva lay there insensible, with the marks on her white neck where the count's fingers had gone near to suffocating her.

Dr. Harrowden bent and laid his ear to her lips and heart.

"She is not dead," he said briefly. "Carry her to her room. I will attend to her."

Wondering exclamations broke out on all sides. What had happened? Had the count really attempted Eva's life? How had the doctor been aware of her danger? and a thousand other questions and surmises. Later, when Eva, very weak and ill, had recovered consciousness, she told the story of the count's strange, wild love for her, an infatuation which had seized him when they first met in the open house at Milan, of her inability to shake off the influence which he exercised over her in spite of her dread and dislike of him, of his appearance at the castle when she was arranging the cast of "Othello," and of the demand to be allowed to remain there and to play the title role.

"How can I ever thank you enough?" she said to Dr. Harrowden when, after many days of suffering from the count's stiletto wound, he came, at her request to see her. "It was a miracle that you should have saved me as you did. A moment longer, and it would have been too late. How did you guess that his acting was reality?"

"The thanks are due really to yourself," he said gently. "Your kindness in singing to that poor little child was the cause of your preservation. I went to see her that evening and found her just awakened from a strange dream of you, which had left the impression on her mind that you were in danger. The beautiful lady with the angel's voice," she called you. She would not be comforted until I promised to go up to the castle and assure myself that no harm threatened you. Her persistence gave me a touch of anxiety, and it came to me with a sort of intuition as I watched the count that he was mad. I felt sure he meant mischief. It seems almost as if the child had second sight; but these coincidences do occur sometimes."

"And still," said Eva, "it is to you I owe my life. You risked yours for mine. Oh, tell me how to thank you!" "I dare ask nothing," he said, "since I dare not ask too much."

And they were both silent. But in their silence a hope and a promise lay. And there are some who say that the most beautiful singer of the day will exercise the prerogative that her pre-eminence gives to her and will make a romantic marriage entirely for her—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

The Way Humorsists Do.
"Oh, James, here's an account of a hen who laid five eggs in one day."
"Well, maybe she was getting ahead with her work so she could take a vacation."—Detroit Free Press.

He Tears It Off.
First Office Boy—Do you ever get to take a day off?
Second Office Boy—Now; only when I fixes de calendar in de office.—Baltimore American.

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